

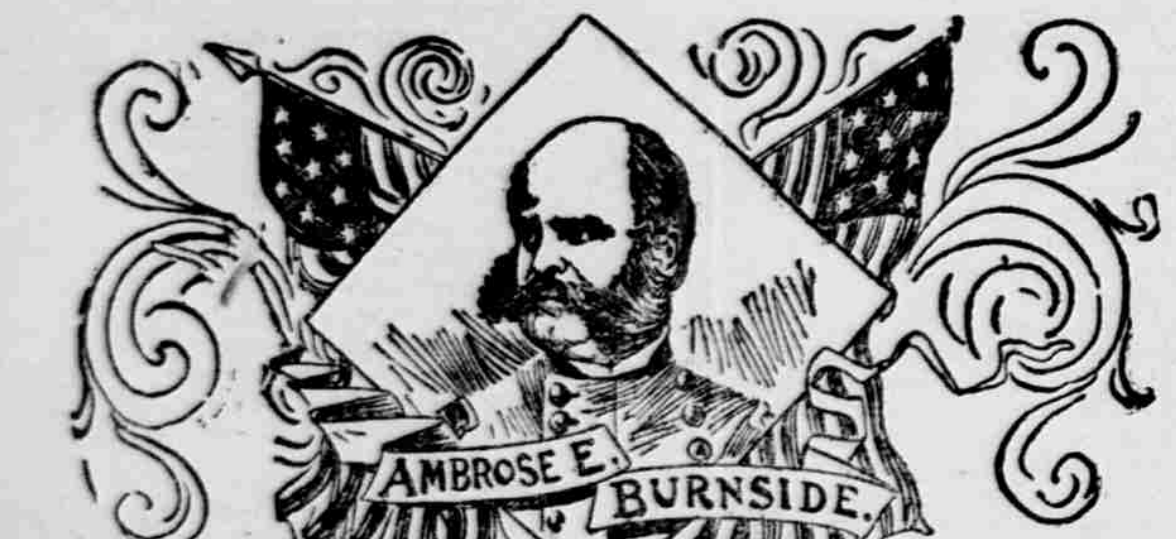
[Written for the Reunion Twenty-third Army Corps, Grand Army Place, Washington, Sept. 21, Gen. J. M. Schofield, U. S. A., presiding, and recited by Elizabeth Mansfield Irving.]

ALL, heroes of the battle! Hall, men who wore the shield!  
Who bore the flag to glory on many a sanguine field!  
We celebrate your victories and twine you greener bays,  
For peace has wound her olive 'round the crowns of eternal days;  
The splendor of your conquest casts a halo 'o'er the land,  
And the hopes of lagging ages quicken as they wonder stand;  
Though the slogan sounds no longer and the brazen tongues are sealed,  
There is proud acclaim to shout your name, O men who wore the shield!

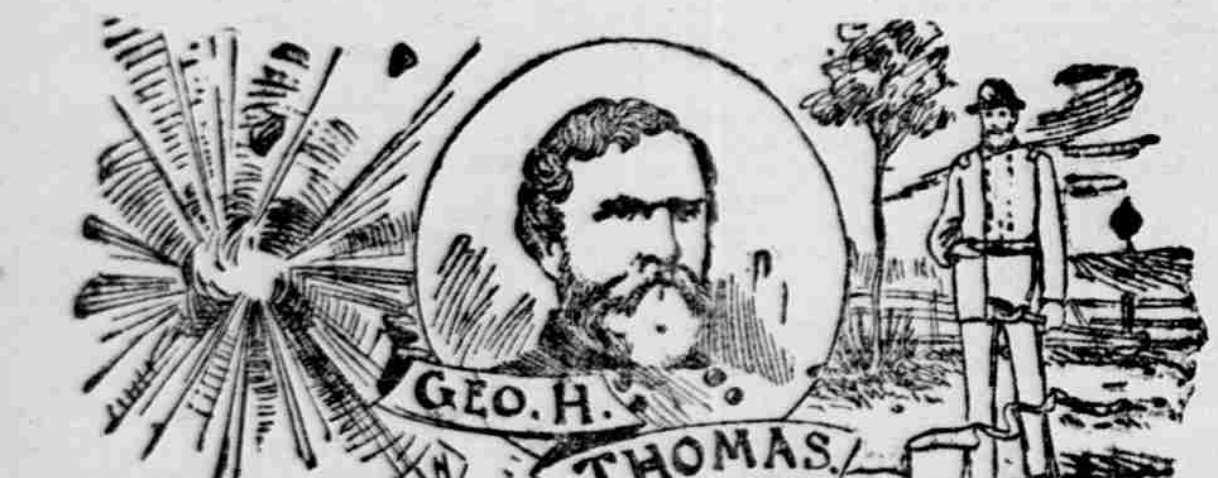
O, I see the boyish faces kindling with the breath of Spring,  
Turning from the nestling cottage with the sturdy rifle swing;  
From the orchards plink with blossoms to the long and dusty way,  
Where the monster guns are growling and the dead are in the way;  
And the boyish eyes are glowing and the boyish steps are light,  
And the Colonel wheels his horse to gaze, for 'tis a splendid sight;  
And with uniforms like heaven's blue with heaven's stars revealed,  
They mark the measures with their steps, the men who wore the shield.



HEY are marching, proudly marching, but there's danger in the way,  
And the fever springs as stealthily as a wolf upon his prey;  
And the sudden shot is flying where the lurking demons hide,  
And the dogs of war are growling and their reeking maws are wide;  
Lo, the videttes warn the pickets and the pickets warn the lines,  
And the long roll roars and rumbles through the soughing sentry pines;  
But the boyish lips are fast and firm, their fealty is sealed,  
For heaven's fight whose cause is right, the men who wore the shield.



N the Tennessee mountains, through the famine and the snow,  
Round the slender lines of fugitives the shivering heroes go;  
And with frenzied eyes they're gazing for relief that never comes,  
For the Cumberlandians encompass and there's death in Longstreet's guns;  
On the Clinch and on the Holston Burnside cheers his valiant men,  
(Heads uncovered, for you loved him; he was proud to lead you then!)  
And as oaks defy the tempest when the stormy trumps are pealed,  
So they held their heads to heaven, the men who wore the shield!



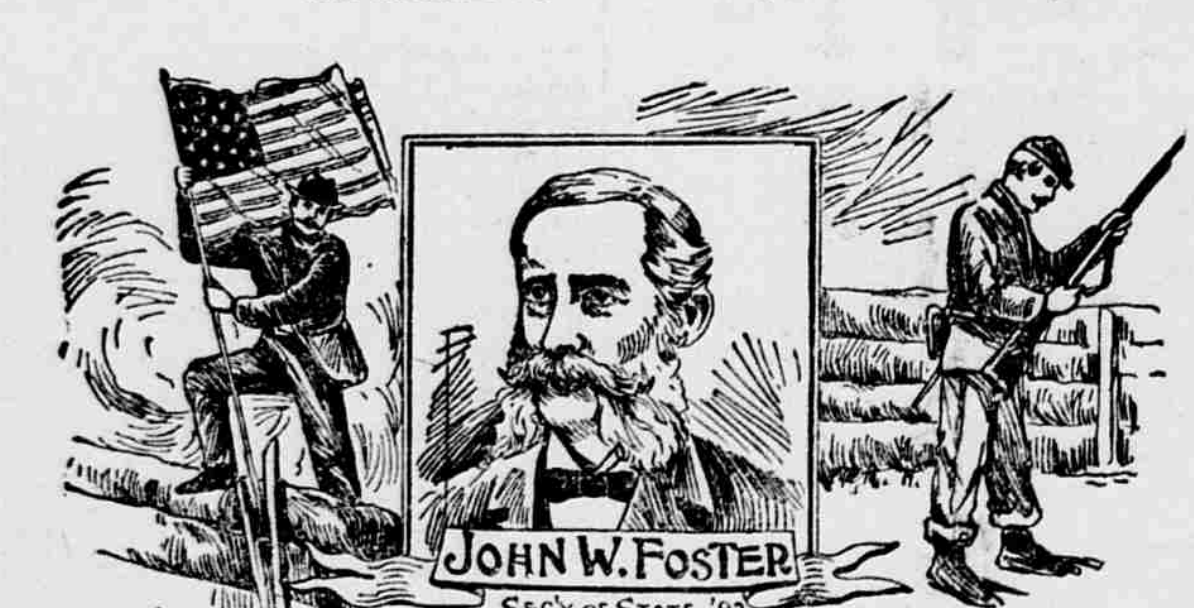
FROM Lenoir and Campbell's Station, with their bare and bleeding feet,  
They are falling back on Knoxville in the snow and in the sleet,  
And the foeman plucks a column as a lion plucks the fold,  
And they languish in the prison and they perish in the cold;  
They are fighting in the trenches with the fiery Claburn's men,  
And he's riding to destruction while his columns cheer again;  
Through the siege and through the sorrow of the long-contested field,  
They are conquerors triumphant, the men who wore the shield.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

HEY are battering on Atlanta, and their boyish faces wear  
All the grim determination of the men who do and dare;  
They have shared the bold baptismal, they've received the crimson seal  
Graven on each furrowed forehead with the stylus of steel;  
Down the ridges of Resaca, on the heights of Kennesaw,  
On the monoliths of ages they have writ the Golden Law;  
And the bells in all the steeples have the glorious peens pealed,  
And the victor crowns are many for the men who wore the shield.



ND at Franklin, O at Franklin, in the awful iron rain  
Where the shocks of Hood's battalions break our furthest lines in twain,  
And the lurid conflagration of the burning cotton-gin  
Casts a dual desolation o'er the devastating din,  
And a brother mourns a brother in the fiercest of the fray,  
And the horse forsakes his rider and the bugles cease to Bray;  
When the scales of conflict tremble and disaster flies afield,  
In the beetling lines of battle are the men who wore the shield.



ALL, heroes under Foster! Hall, men who wore the shield!  
Hall, conquerors who fought with Cox on many a sanguine field!  
Hall, victors under Thomas, with the Stars and Stripes ahead!  
Hall, to the honored living, hall to the valiant dead!  
Hall, royal ranks who rallied to the ringing reveille,  
To keep the Union grand and great and ours from sea to sea!  
Though the slogan sounds no longer and the brazen tongues are sealed,  
There is proud acclaim to shout your name, O men who wore the shield!



Kate Brownlee Sherwood.  
The author of "The Men Who Wore the Shield" needs no introduction to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE readers, as for the past 10 years no edition of the paper has gone to press without something from her hand. It was in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE in 1883 she presented the plan that led to the formation of the National Woman's Relief Corps, auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic, which she has served as National President, National Senior Vice-President, and National Counselor, and as

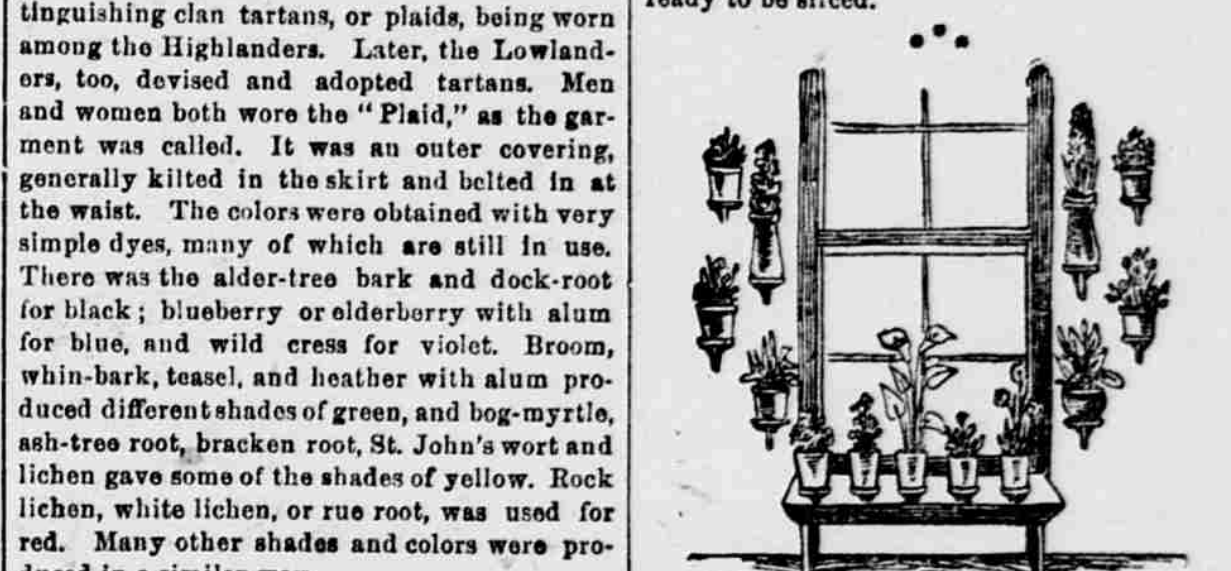


Chairman Pension and Relief Committee, through whose efforts the National Relief Corps Home was established and the Army Nurse Pension Bill passed by the present Congress. Her published patriotic collections include "Campfire and Memorial Poems," "The Memorial of the Flowers," and "Guarding the Flag," the latter two for young people. Her poems are in many volumes of recent compilation. An illustrated National poem, "Columbia," will appear in time for a World's Fair Souvenir.

Elizabeth Mansfield Irving.  
Elizabeth Mansfield Irving, Toledo, O., is the President of Forsyth Relief Corps, Past Department Inspector W.R.C., Past Assistant National Inspector, and the head of the Toledo School of Oratory and Elocution. She is a woman of varied talents and accomplishments, with regular features, large, expressive eyes, and elegant presence. For the past 10 years she has been the favored reader of the Grand Army of the Republic, making a National reputation upon her first public appearance before a large convocation of Union veterans at Music Hall, Cincinnati, where John E. Koussis, the "Drummer Boy of Mission Ridge," and late Commander-in-Chief, was closing the Ohio administration as Department Commander. She has been chosen Recitationist of the Army of the Cumberland, of the National Encampment, G.A.R., Minne-



"All plaided and plumed in their tartan array."  
The Scotch plaids have often meaning than the becomingness of their colors or checks, though that is the most important one to the woman who goes in search of a bit to brighten her frock or bonnet. As many of the plaids are genuine Scotch tartans, both in design and coloring, a loyal Scot might read in them much of the history of his country. Far back in the accounts of the Scots there is mention of distinguishing clan tartans, or plaids, being worn among the Highlanders. Later, the Lowlanders, too, devised and adopted tartans. Men and women both wore the "plaid," as the garment was called. It was an outer covering, generally killed in the skirt and belted in at the waist. The colors were obtained with very simple dyes, many of which are still in use. There was the alder-tree bark and dock-root for black; blueberry or elderberry with alum for blue, and wild cress for violet. Broom, whin-bark, teasel, and heather with alum produced different shades of green, and bog-myrtle, ash-tree root, bracken root, St. John's wort and lichen gave some of the shades of yellow. Rock lichen, white lichen, or rue root, was used for red. Many other shades and colors were produced in a similar way.



One of the simplest and best-known plaids is of red and black marking of rather large checks. This is none other than the tartan of the famous outlaw Rob Roy. The plaid is quite remarkable for its boldness. Most of the others have several colors worked through them, but this has only the black and red. One of the most used combinations of colors in these plaids is blue and green with threads of yellow, white or red elaborating the design. In these plaids their distinguishing feature is either the size of the checks and stripes, or the absence or presence of these threads. It was of such a plaid that Scott wrote:

"Scarcely to be known by curious eye,  
From the deep heather where they lie;  
So well matched was the tartan screen,  
With the heather-bell dark and the bracken green."

The Campbell plaid, for instance—or rather one of them, for there were different Campbell plaids—was of blue and green, forming squares with narrow squares of white and yellow making larger squares. This also is a familiar plaid to all of us. The Gordon tartan of these colors is marked off in finer plaid, and has only yellow threads to form the large plaid. The "hunting" plaid of the Stuarts, also showing these colors, is checked off still differently with finer lines. Red hair lines are used with yellow, and no white threads are seen in it. This was the clan of Mary, Queen of Scots. The "royal" plaid of this family was a bright red marked off in large squares with blue and green bars and white threads. The "dress" plaid of this royal family is also called the "Victorian" plaid, and is one of the daintiest of all the Scotch

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ironed, when it is ready for the finishing touches comb the fringe out with a coarse comb kept specially for that purpose. The fringe should not be ironed at all. This method will keep it as soft and straight as new, if the combing be done gently. A whisk broom is a very handy thing to use in dampening clothes. The main idea is to get them dampened evenly. Another economical point in the care of linens is, in ironing them, to change the folds sometimes. Instead of always making the first fold right down the center of the cloth, move it from time to time to one side or the other, thus avoiding the thin worn strip that soon results from firmly folding the cloth always in the same line.

The care of handkerchiefs is a very important part of a dainty woman's work. A fresh, sheer white handkerchief is so very dainty, and a yellow, thick, soiled one is so unpleasant. Frequently handkerchiefs that look sheer in the store "wash up thick and cottony," others develop holes. So there must be care in buying them as well as care in keeping them. Some women buy the fine linen handkerchiefs, wash them carefully, and darn every little hole that comes through. One woman gives as a good way to wash handkerchiefs, to first wash them out in a suds made with fine soap, then to scald them, and finally put them through water that has just a trace of bluing in it. She dries them by spreading them out against the window-pane, rubbing out every wrinkle with her fingers. When they are dry she puts them in square sachets, not folding them at all.

To make creamed salmon take one can of salmon, a tablespoonful of flour, and one of butter, salt and pepper to season. Melt the butter and stir the flour in smoothly. Add the milk or cream gradually. Remove the bones and skin from the salmon, and pick it into fine little pieces. Mix the gravy through it, sprinkle bread crumbs over the top, with occasional dabs of butter, and put it into the oven to brown. Serve it hot in the baking-dish.



Another costume, remarkable mostly for the "cloves" bow, has a little jacket edged with passementerie. The collar and sleeves are also of this material. The long skirt has three rows of jet beading a few inches above the hem. The gown is a sort of rose-colored cloth, with jet passementerie trimming. The ribbon for the belt is of black silk, with a narrow satin edge of rose-color. The bow is one that is very popular for bows now. The toque is black, with Mohair feathers and a jet buckle trimming the front.

As neat a little traveling suit as could be devised is shown in the picture. It is of dark-green serge. The fitted skirt, while it is long enough to be graceful, does not train. Around its edge there is a neat finish of black braid. The waist, with its narrow folds in front, has a fitted back. The high collar and little pointed place that fits in between the folds are both of black. The sleeves are rather plain ones of the leg of mutton variety, relieved at the wrist by a narrow cuff of black. The belt is of black. With the gown is worn a little triple cape lined with changeable green silk. A small black hat, black gloves and veil complete the costume.

Four girls here, united in a sort of a club—"The Clovers," are eager seekers after fun, and never neglect a joke. Bertha's latest contribution was a quotation from a popular book; it read: "Elsie dropped her eyes to the floor, and, without raising them, left the room."

ELsie FOMEROY McLEOD.

FREDERICKTOWN, MO.

The Victory Gained There in the Fall of 1861.  
EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: If a soldier has a homestead, 160 acres of land, and improved upon it, can he homestead again in Oklahoma? 2. In the battle of Fredericktown, Mo., fought the 18th of October, 1861, on record? If so, give a history of it.—J. M. FARR, Climax Springs, Mo.

[I. No. 2. The battle of Fredericktown, or rather the series of operations and skirmishes about Ironton and Fredericktown in the Fall of 1861, are on record. It seems that Oct. 18, the rebel General M. Jeff Thompson, whose headquarters were at Booneville, Mo., made a raid with about 3,000 men toward Ironton, Fredericktown, and Pilot Knob. Gen. Grant, then in command at Cairo, ordered his forces in southeast Missouri to meet him, and out off his retreat. These forces stationed at different points, were Col. W. P. Carlin, 38th Ill., Col. J. B. Plummer, 11th Mo.; L. F. Ross, 17th Ill.; C. C. Marsh, 20th Ill.; C. E. Hovey, 33d Ill.; and Conrad Baker, 1st Ind. Cav.; Lieut. Col. W. E. Farnsworth, 11th Mo.; Capt. W. Stewart, 11th Mo.; Maj. J. M. Schindler, 1st Mo. Art. Oct. 18 Col. Plummer, with a force consisting of the 17th, 20th, 31st, 33d and 38th Ill., 11th Mo., and the cavalry and artillery, attacked Thompson in position about one mile from Fredericktown, and after a battle of two hours and a half utterly routed him, and pursued him 22 miles, killing and wounding a great number, and capturing 60 prisoners, one cannon, and a large number of horses and small-arms. Among the rebel dead was Col. Lowe, second in command to Thompson. The Union loss was six killed and 60 wounded.—EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

Delighted With His Cards.  
EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The portrait-cards you sent me came a few days ago. I am very much pleased with them. They are much better than I expected. Yours in F. C. and L.—SAMUEL O. LUTHER, Greely, Colo.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE for six weeks—until after the election—for 10 cents. This is a great offer.